

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED
CDC

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Nº 13

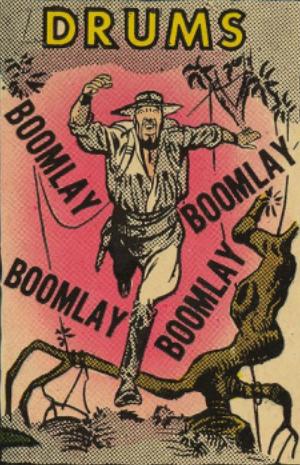
THIS MAGAZINE IS

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HE SHALL HAVE
VENGEANCE



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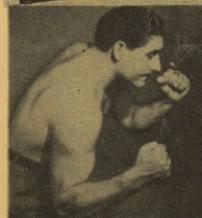
"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T-N-T IN YOUR FISTS"

Says JOE LOUIS, Great World Champion



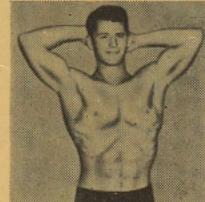
HIGH SCHOOL STAR—Maurice Nockley of Miami Beach shows Dad powerful muscles developed by the Champions.

You can Broaden your Shoulders and Add Solid New Muscles...
AS WE DID!



STATE TROOPER—George Sheridan of Springfield learned Self Defense from the Champs when 16 years old.

POPULAR LEADER—Robert Colville of Jersey City credits the Champions with his new popularity.



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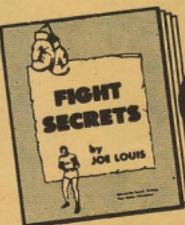
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Pat Masulli Executive Editor

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YOU HAVE SEEN ME, YOU MISTOOK ME FOR A FURTIVE BLOB OF DARKNESS, STRANGELY DARKER THAN THE OTHER SHADOWS, AND FOR A SPLIT-SECOND YOU FOUND YOURSELF STARING PUZZLEDLY, BUT THEN THE FORM QUICKLY FADED... AND YOU FORGOT. YOU HAVE HEARD ME, TOO, BUT ONLY DIMLY, IN THE GUISE OF SOBBING WIND OR A FAINT FARAWAY SHRIEK...



WELL, NOW YOU SHALL HEAR DR. HAUNT CLEARLY AS I TELL MY BLOOD-CHILLING TALES; AND MY FIRST TALE IS OF A MAN HAUNTED BY AN UNQUENCHABLE FIRE WITHIN HIM. I CALL IT...

'HE SHALL HAVE VENGEANCE'

BEHOLD HIM STRIDING THROUGH THE NIGHT...



HIS MOUTH A THIN TWISTING LINE THAT SPELLS A TERRIBLE RAGE... HIS HANDS SWINGING CHOPPILY, CLENCHED INTO JAGGED FISTS...



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

I'LL GET HIM, I'LL GET WHO-
EVER KILLED PHIL... IF IT'S
THE LAST THING I DO!'

THE DAWN HAS JUST BEGIN-
TO SPLINTER NIGHT'S DARK-
NESS WITH NARROW STREAKS
OF GREY. BUT HIS HEART
REMAINS COAL-BLACK WITH
RAGE...

I'LL GET HIM... I'LL
GET HIM!



AND NOW, WITH MORNING BREAKING ALL
ABOUT HIM, HE ENTERS PLAINVILLE AT
LAST. PLAINVILLE, THE TOWN THAT WAS
HIS HOME BEFORE THE TERRIBLE
TRAGEDY...

EVERYBODY'S STILL ASLEEP! EVERY-
BODY EXCEPT GUS OVER AT THE
RAILROAD STATION! GUS WILL
TALK! HE WAS ALWAYS
A FRIEND OF MINE!



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GUS KNOWS WHO KILLED PHIL. HE'S COVERING UP FOR SOMEBODY. THAT'S WHY HE RAN AWAY. NO USE CHASING HIM! BEEN WALKING TOO LONG WITHOUT FOOD. COULDN'T RUN FAST ENOUGH TO CATCH HIM!

THERE'S MORT! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT MORT. BUT THERE HE IS, DELIVERING MILK EARLY IN THE MORNING, JUST THE WAY HE ALWAYS DID!

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON MORT RUNNING AWAY. I'LL SNEAK UP ON HIM... GRAB HIM!



MORT, I'VE COME BACK! AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME? I'VE BEEN SICK... BUT I'M BACK NOW! MORT, WHY DIDN'T ANYONE TELL ME THAT PHIL WAS KILLED?



EVERYBODY IN PLAINVILLE KNOWS THAT PHIL WAS MY BEST FRIEND. WHY DID I HAVE TO READ ABOUT HIS MURDER IN A BACK ISSUE OF A NEWSPAPER AT THE HOSPITAL? WHY, MORT. WHY?



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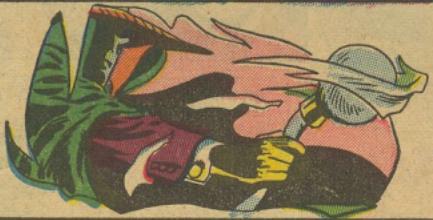
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RUSH TODAY! LIMITED OFFER!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THIS HAPPENED BEFORE YOU CAME TO PLAINVILLE, DOCTOR!

DAVE AND PHIL HAD BEEN THE BEST OF FRIENDS EVER SINCE THEY WERE KIDS!



DAVE WAS SO SHOCKED, HIS MIND CRACKED RIGHT ON THE SPOT! HE BLANKED OUT... DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHO HE WAS...



DAVE MUST'VE COME ACROSS ONE OF THOSE OLD NEWSPAPERS, I GUESS IT BROUGHT PART OF HIS MEMORY BACK! AND SO HE ESCAPED AND CAME HERE!

POOR DAVE DIDN'T REMEMBER ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THE MAN HE WAS AFTER...



THEY WERE ALWAYS SPARRING AROUND TOGETHER, EVEN AFTER THEY WERE FULL GROWN. IT WAS ONLY IN FUN... BUT ONE DAY DAVE CAME UP WITH A KNOCKOUT PUNCH THAT SLAMMED PHIL'S HEAD SO HARD AGAINST THE WALL, THAT PHIL NEVER GOT UP...



WE SENT HIM AWAY TO THAT MENTAL HOSPITAL AND WE TRIED TO HUSH UP THE STORY! BUT IT LEAKED OUT TO SOME OF THE CITY NEWSPAPERS, AND THEY WROTE IT UP AS IF PHIL HAD BEEN MURDERED BY SOMEONE UNKNOWN...



POOR DAVE, INDEED, BUT HIS MIND IS MERCIFULLY BLANK AGAIN! AND WITH THE HELP OF THE DOCTORS AT THE HOSPITAL, HE SHALL RECOVER, AND SO, AS LONG AS THIS TALE Lingers IN YOUR MEMORY... ONLY YOU SHALL BE HAUNTED.

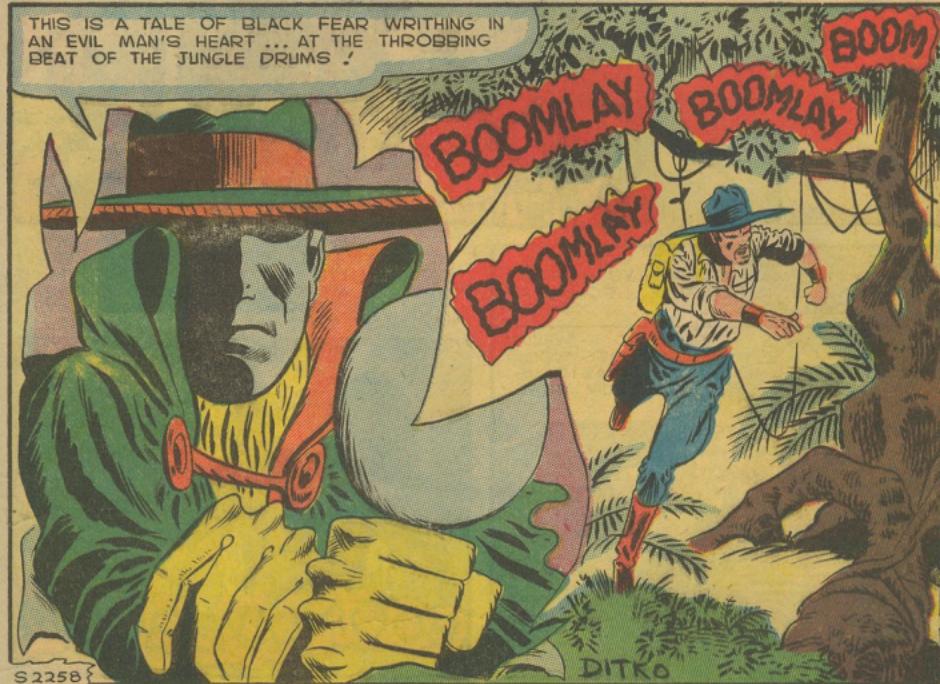


END

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THE DRUMS

THIS IS A TALE OF BLACK FEAR WRITHING IN AN EVIL MAN'S HEART ... AT THE THROBBING BEAT OF THE JUNGLE DRUMS !



S 2258

THE NATIVE DRUMS ... I KEEP HEARING THEIR DRUMS ! THEY'RE AFTER ME ! MUST (SOB) GET AWAY !



BOOMLAY... BOOMLAY... BOOMLAY... BOOM

THE SUN SEARS THE JUNGLE ! THE JUNGLE IS A VAST BOILER, STEAMING WITH HEAT ... BUT THIS MAN SHIVERS AS HE RUNS ! THIS MAN'S BLOOD IS CHILLED BY FEAR !



THOSE DRUMS . . . THEY NEVER BEAT THOSE DRUMS ... UNLESS THEY'RE TRACKING SOME-BODY DOWN !



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

WHOEVER THOUGHT THEY'D
(SOB) FIND OUT SO
SOON ? I WAS SO SURE
I COULD TRICK THEM !
BEEN DOING THE SAME
THING FOR YEARS NOW...
THEY NEVER FOUND OUT
BEFORE !

WHOEVER DREAMED ... WHEN I FIRST SAW THE IDOL ...
THAT **THIS TIME I'D BE CAUGHT ?**



WHERE DID I SLIP UP ? I WORKED IT
EXACTLY THE WAY I'D ALWAYS WORKED
IT ! **SLOWLY... SMOOTHLY...** POSING AS
THEIR GOOD FRIEND !

GUARD IT WELL !
ITS LOSS WOULD
BE DISASTROUS
TO YOUR TRIBE !



IT WAS LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY.
JUST A LITTLE SOFT SOAP ... AND THEY'D
HAVE LET ME STAND IN FRONT OF THE
IDOL UNTIL DOOMSPAY IF I WANTED !
BUT JUST THEN --



I COULDN'T HELP IT ! I KNEW THAT
NOTHING COULD GO WRONG ... BUT AT
THE SOUND OF THOSE DRUMS, I FELT
A TWINGE OF FEAR !

YES BWANA ! OUR TRIBAL LAW
HAS BEEN BROKEN ! EVEN
NOW THE TRANSGRESSOR IS BEING
HUNTED DOWN
IN THE JUNGLE !

WHAT'RE THEY BEATING
FOR ? YOUR WARRIOR
S AFTER SOMEBODY ?



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HE STILL RUNS AHEAD OF OUR WARRIORS ! BUT HE HEARS DRUMS ! AND THE DRUMS' LOUDNESS TELLS HIM WARRIORS ARE ON HIS TRAIL ... TELLS HIM HE IS DOOMED !

POOR DEVIL ! BUT I HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT ! MY PLAN IS FOOLPROOF ... IT'S NEVER FAILED YET !

THAT'S (SOB) WHAT I TOLD MYSELF ! AND SEALING MY EARS TO THE DRUMS, I TURNED BACK TO THE IDOL ...



BOOMLAY. BOOMLAY. BOOMLAY



HAVE TO GET A GOOD LONG LOOK ! HAVE TO MEMORIZE EVERY LAST DETAIL !



THAT NIGHT I BEGAN CARVING THE DUPLICATE IDOL !

THE NATIVES'LL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE ! THEY'LL KEEP PRAYING TO **THIS** ! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW I'VE MADE A SWITCH !



IT HAD TAKEN ALMOST A WEEK, BUT AT LAST I WAS FINISHED ! AND NOW ...

I'LL CLEAR OUT IN THE MORNING, WON'T BE LONG NOW UNTIL I'LL BE OUT OF THE JUNGLE.. AND COLLECTING A BIG FAT FEE FROM THE MUSEUM AGENT FOR **THE REAL IDOL** !!!



COME AGAIN, BWANA ! YOU GOOD MAN ! NOT LIKE OTHER TRADERS WHO ALWAYS TRY TO CHEAT US !



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I WAS MAKING GOOD TIME ! I'D BE OUT OF THE JUNGLE SOON !

NOT A CHANCE IN A MILLION THAT THEY'LL EVER SPOT THE DIFFERENCE ! NOT A ...



HEY?!!

IT WAS THEN, LYING THERE AFTER THE HARD FALL, THAT I FIRST HEARD THE DRUMS !



AND SO HE HAS BEEN RUNNING EVER SINCE, BUT BLUNDERINGLY, FOR THE DRUMS' LOUDNESS HAS REMAINED CONSTANT, AND THE FEAR IN HIS HEART HAS BLINDED HIM !



I - I'M LOST, AND THE DRUMS (SOB) ARE AS CLOSE AS EVER !



HIS BREATH RASPS SAWINGLY, AND EVERY STEP SEEMS TO DRAIN HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, BUT THE DRUMS KEEP THROBBING ... AND FEAR KEEPS PUSHING HIM ON UNTIL AT LAST ...



OH (GROAN)
NO !!!



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I-I CIRCLED BACK WITHOUT KNOWING ! I'M RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED ... WITH THE NATIVES !



TAKE IT ! PLEASE TAKE IT ! I'LL NEVER CHEAT AGAIN.... ONLY PLEASE (SOB) STOP THOSE DRUMS !



HE SPEAKS OF DRUMS ! WHOSE DRUMS COULD THEY HAVE BEEN !

THERE IS NO OTHER TRIBE IN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE AND OUR DRUMS HAVE BEEN QUIET !



WHOSE DRUMS COULD THEY HAVE BEEN ? ONLY DR. HAUNT KNOWS ! AND NOW YOU SHALL KNOW, TOO ! COME ... !



SEE ! I UNSCREW THE IDOL ! NOW BEHOLD WHAT STANDS INSIDE ! ANOTHER SMALLER IDOL



...WITH A DRUM HANGING FROM ITS NECK ... AND STICKS IN ITS HANDS ! STICKS THAT WERE FIRST ACTIVATED BY THE JOLT OF THE TREACHEROUS TRADER'S HARD FALL !



...AND THAT KEPT BEATING THEIR MERCILESS RYTHM AS HE RAN BLINDLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE, BEARING HIS DOOM ON HIS OWN BACK !



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MENACE OF THE

INVISIBLES

DR. HAUNT WOULD NEVER DECEIVE YOU. I THEREFORE ANNOUNCE NOW THAT I AM NOT THE TELLER OF THIS TALE / WHEN YOU COME TO THE END, YOU SHALL SEE... HEH, HEH, HEH... HOW DEVOID DR. HAUNT IS OF DECEIT!



THOSE COLD MENACE-FILLED WORDS KEPT RASPING IN MID-AIR OVER THE HOUSE. THEY FILL ME WITH DREAD. I MUST WARN MY FRIEND...

THE WORLD WILL BE OURS! OUR WEAPONS ARE BEYOND THE SCOPE OF MANKIND TO DEAL WITH!

OUR WEAPONS ARE INVISIBILITY AND INAUDIBILITY! THE WORLD WILL BE OURS!



BUT WHEN I WARN HIM, MY FRIEND IS UNRESPONSIVE! HE CANNOT HEAR THEM AS I CAN! SO AFTER A CURSORY GLANCE ABOUT, HE SHRUGS AND TURNS BACK TO HIS WORK...



DITKO

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MYSTERY!

LOOK
BETTY!

I'LL BET IT'S
A FLYING
SAUCER!

LET'S GET OUR
TELESCOPE AND
BINOCULARS
AND SEE!

HEY! THAT LOOKS
LIKE AN EARTH
SATELLITE!

MAIL
COUPON

FLASH! SCIENTISTS HAVE
JUST LAUNCHED THE FIRST
EARTH SATELLITE. ANYONE
SPOTTING IT PLEASE
CALL US AT ONCE!

GOOD WORK, BETTY AND
JIM! YOU ARE THE
FIRST TO SPOT OUR
NEW OBSERVATION
SATELLITE!

I CAN
SEE IT
CLEARLY.

HOW DID YOU KIDS
EVER GET A RADIO,
A TELESCOPE AND
BINOCULARS?



IT WAS EASY, KIDS - WE EARNED
THEM, AND LOTS MORE SWELL
PREMIUMS, SELLING WHITE
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SALVE TO OUR FRIENDS
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NIGHT HAS FALLEN! MY FRIEND SLEEPS EXHAUSTEDLY BESIDE HIS WORK BENCH! I TRY TO SLEEP TOO, BUT THOSE VOICES KEEP RASPING--THEY COME CLOSER AND CLOSER...

OUR PLAN BEGINS TO UNFOLD.'

THE WORLD WILL BE OURS!

AND NOW MY EYES BULGE FROM THEIR SOCKETS WITH AMAZEMENT AS I SEE MY FRIEND'S PAPERS RISE SLOWLY OFF HIS WORK BENCH AND MOVE THROUGHT EMPTY AIR ACROSS THE ROOM, GRASPED BY INVISIBLE HANDS...

I HAVE TUGGED MY FRIEND AWAKE, AND NOW HE SEES THE UNBELIEVABLE TOO



HE RUSHES FORWARD! HE TEARS THE PAPERS AWAY! THERE IS A STRUGGLE! MY FRIEND KEEPS MUTTERING GRIMLY AS HE FIGHTS...



MY FRIEND IS STRONGER THAN THE INVISIBLE ONES! THEY NO LONGER FIGHT BACK, BUT NOW...

I - I CAN FEEL THOUGHT-WAVES! I CAN'T SEE YOU AND I CAN'T HEAR YOU... SO YOU'RE COMMUNICATING WITH ME TELEPATHICALLY!

YOU'RE FROM ANOTHER WORLD! YOU MEAN NO HARM, YOU TOOK THE PAPERS ONLY TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! TO MAKE CONTACT!



GO ON! KEEP SENDING THOUGHT-WAVES! I WANT TO 'HEAR' MORE!

NOW, WHILE HE IS DIVERTED, WE MUST LEAP AT HIM FROM BEHIND! HE WILL SOON BE POWERLESS!



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MY FRIEND CANNOT HEAR THOSE WHO CREEP UP BEHIND HIM... BUT I HEAR THEM...



AND I LEAP AT THOSE WHO WOULD DO MY FRIEND HARM...



THEY TRY TO BEAT ME OFF WITH WHATEVER THEY CAN LAY THEIR INVISIBLE HANDS ON...



BUT MY FRIEND UNDERSTANDS NOW! HE IS AWARE NOW OF THE MENACE OF THE INVISIBLES! HE REACHES FOR THE WEAPON THAT HE USES WHEN HE GOES HUNTING, AND...



THEY'RE GONE! BUT I'VE SPREAD THE WORD, AND EVERYONE'LL BE READY FOR THEM IF THEY EVER COME BACK AGAIN! THANK HEAVENS...



PETER ILLYVITCH'S LANDBRIDGE



Peter Illyvitch was born lazy if we accept the account given of his life by his mother. He was contented when he did nothing. But living in a state where you had to work or else dig salt in the mines of Siberia he found himself in the record department of the Buguna cap factory. On the sixteenth day of June, Peter Illyvitch was seated at his desk. He had that far away look in his eyes. He held a pencil in his hand and he was doodling, and then in walked Commissar Nitko Buscar. The Commissar was looking for evidences of inefficiency in the Buguna cap factory. For production was seventy per cent below normal.

"What are you doing?" demanded a bull-like voice that could raise the roof off any factory.

Peter Illyvitch turned around and his heart almost stopped still. He and millions of others had seen the picture of the Commissar, and now that terrible creature, with powers of life and death was in front of him.

"What are you doing?" repeated the voice and the young man to whom those words were addressed had to do some fast thinking. For in front of him, and in view of the Commissar, was a sheet of paper with all kind of lines on it. Some were vertical, some were horizontal, and some went in all directions. That sheet of paper on the sixteenth day of June was destined to change the face of the world.

"Something I have been doing for years," finally replied the young man.

The Commissar took the sheet of paper and glanced at it. It was evident he couldn't understand the significance of those meaningless lines.

"Explain this to me and be brief," he demanded.

There was a slight smile on the face of Peter Illyvitch. What did he have to lose? He would be sent to a slave labor camp anyway. He might as well have some fun before he left

the factory.

"Millions of years ago," he began, "there was a land bridge connecting Asia and the North American continent. Climate conditions in those days were different. I am reconstructing that landbridge. We build a dam across the Bering Sea. This keeps all the cold water and air behind the dam. The currents that warm the United States are shifted to Siberia. They then go towards European Russia. The net result will be a pleasant warm climate for all of Russia, and the climate in the United States will freeze the people. Serves them right. A new way for us to fight the cold war. Make it really cold for those Americans."

Commissar Nitko Buscar knew he was out of favor with the ruling group in Moscow. In a week there was to be the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Scientists. Here was something big. A chance for him to be the top man in Russia. The people were sick and tired of being cold. A warm Russia for Russians and a cold United States for Americans was a slogan that would work. This was something bigger and better than the Hydrogen bomb.

"We leave within a hour," ordered the Commissar. "Go home and pack your clothing."

"What clothing?" asked the young man. And then in reply to that silly question, he clarified matters by adding, "The only clothing I have is on me. What home? For nine years I have been waiting for a home. I sleep in the basement of the factory."

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Scientists was taking place. Reporters from all countries were there. John Winslow, of the Consolidated Press was covering the meeting for the United States papers.

"A lot of stuff will be dished out to us," he said to Herbert Morley, of the British Press Association. "But it won't make the headlines."

He was wrong. Commissar Nitko Buscar spoke about a man who had the finest engineering

"ability in the country. They should all be prepared to hear something startling. Peter Illyvitch was introduced.

"Who is he?" asked everyone.

Then the young man spoke. There was quiet in that vast hall. John Winslow pinched himself twice.

"Is that guy nuts or are they having some fun," he said to himself. "I am going to ask a question."

When the young man had finished, the reporter from the United States arose.

"Can you give me a definite date when this project will begin?"

That was the last thing in the world that had entered the Commissar's mind. Before he could reply, Peter Illyvitch spoke.

"My plan is so simple we can begin at once. We simply extend our railroad tracks to the coast. Then keep on dumping rocks into the Bering Sea. We have millions of people that can be used as a labor force. We have the rocks in our mountains. Actually all we do is move our mountains. We need no cement nor steel. And within a year, if you give me a force of five million workers, the landbridge will be reconstructed."

John Winslow had the reporter's knack of seeing a dream put into something real. He just turned his attention to the Commissar and spoke.

"Are you ready to give the word now? It is evident that by tomorrow this wonderful project can be started."

Commissar Nitko Buscar was caught. It seems that all he wanted was to have some publicity. There would be a talk about the plan and then it would be forgotten, but that American reporter had put him on the spot. He, Nitko Morgavitska Snutka Buscar, was not going to let anyone make a fool out of him.

"I give the word now," he smiled. "Construction begins tomorrow."

"And you give me permission to accompany the working crews and inform the world of the progress of this landbridge," added the reporter.

"That I do," granted the Commissar.

At first the people in America thought this was one big joke. Then came in pictures of millions of people in Russia moving. The Russian government permitted live television broadcasts to be made to the world. People saw trains

moving out on tracks built on rocks. It was like extending a big jetty. At once an emergency meeting was called in Washington, D. C. Top scientists attended the meeting. John Winslow was called back to make his report.

"They are half way through with the landbridge," he announced. "They will finish it on schedule."

"Does that mean that we will all freeze in the United States and that Russia will have a delightful tropical climate?" asked Professor Mortimer Hummell.

"That is what they plan to achieve," explained the reporter. "They are moving their mountains and creating plains."

"We cannot stand by idly and see our country threatened by a cold wave," interrupted Professor Edward Botham. "Scientists, I call upon you in the name of humanity to devise some plan to counteract this terrible plan."

The reporter flew back to Russia. He spoke to Peter Illyvitch who was now the most famous man in the world.

"Do you realize what you are doing?"

The most famous man shrugged his shoulders. He was really enjoying life, and the workers were being well fed. They seemed contented.

And then came the day when the last shipment of rocks were dropped into place. The landbridge was finished! In the United States people were rushing to stores to buy winter overcoats and blankets. And then twenty-four hours later the terrible changes in temperature took place. But something had gone wrong. The average temperature in Russia fell to about 90 below zero. Nothing moved — neither human nor animal. In the United States the reverse process took place. A delightful average tropical temperature blanketed the United States. It was like an eternal summer day.

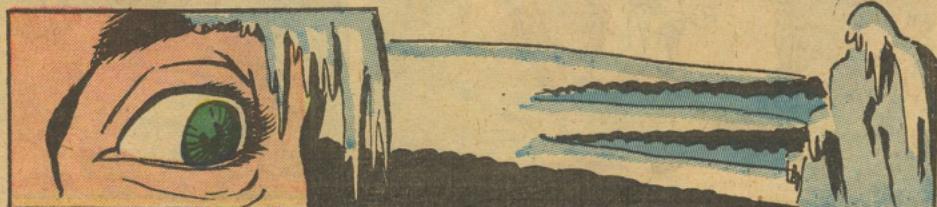
"What do I do?" shouted Peter Illyvitch in fright to the reporter.

"You and the workers better cross that landbridge into America before you all freeze solid."

So five million and two Russians — including the Commissar and the self-styled engineer became refugees into our Country. The United States heaped all kinds of honors on Peter Illyvitch.

"He was really on our side," smiled those who wanted to appear wise.

— THE END —



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED
THE MAN WHO

CHANGED BODIES

THE WIND SHRIEKS TONIGHT LIKE A WAILING BANSHEE, FOR ALL TO HEAR AND TREMBLE AT! BUT THE SOUNDLESS WAIL IN THE DEREPLICIT'S HEART CAN BE HEARD... ONLY BY DR. HAUNT!



HMPF! LOOK AT HIM! HE WAS BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON IN HIS MOUTH! NO WONDER HE'S THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.



GUYS LIKE ME HAVE THREE STRIKES AGAINST US RIGHT FROM THE START! WE NEVER ...



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THAT WINDOW! HOW COME
IT'S OPEN IN THIS STORM?
HMM... NOBODY
AROUND...



WON'T HURT TO TAKE A
LOOK - SEE! MIGHT BE
SOMETHING IN THERE
WORTH PAWNING...



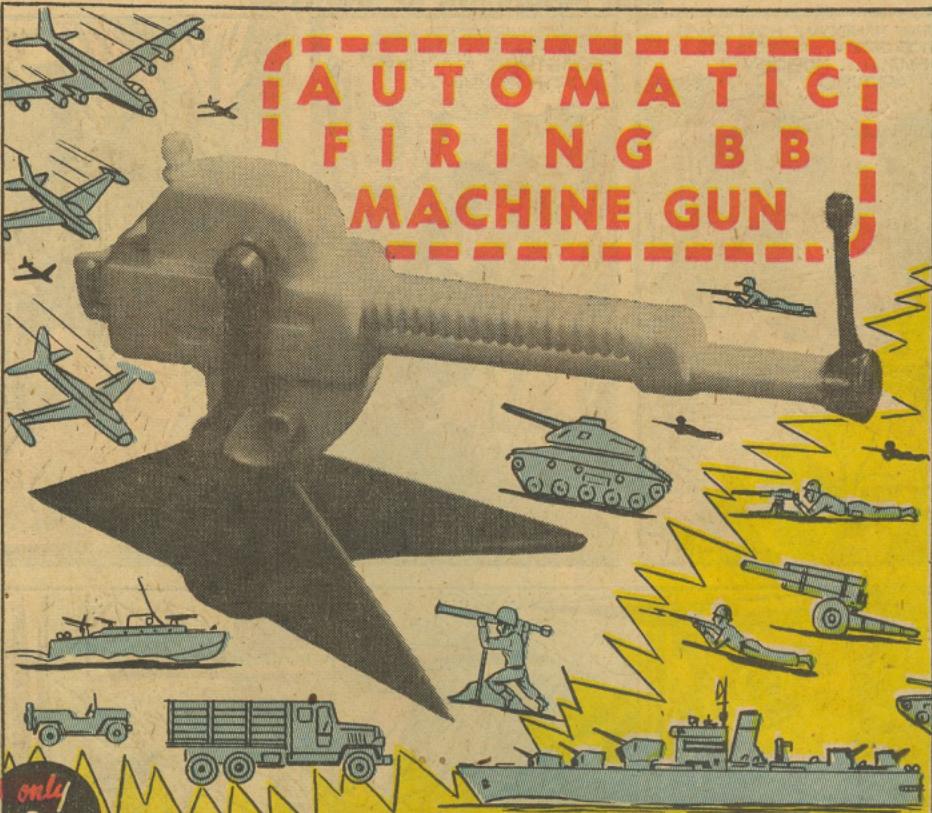
LOOKS LIKE HE FELL ASLEEP
FROM OVERWORK! WONDER
WHAT THAT GADGET ON
THE TABLE IS?



THIS NOTEBOOK WAS IN HIS
HAND WHEN HE FELL
ASLEEP MAYBE IT TELLS
WHERE HE KEPT
HIS DOUGH.



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\$ 1.00

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Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

ACCORDING TO THIS, THE GAD-
GET CAN TRANSFER ONE
MAN'S MIND INTO ANOTHER
MAN'S BODY! ALL YOU NEED
IS A PHOTO OF THE
SECOND MAN!

HERE'S MY CHANCE TO MAKE
UP FOR NOT BEING BORN
WITH A SILVER SPOON IN
MY MOUTH! AND I KNOW
JUST WHOSE PHOTO
TO USE!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE WIND HAS SUBSIDED...
THE MORNING SUN SHINES
BRIGHTLY... AND HE WHO
HAD BEEN A DERELICT
ALL HIS LIFE, REVELS
NOW IN LUXURY THAT
CAN NEVER END.
FOR HAS HE NOT
CHANGED BODIES
WITH THE WEALTHIEST
MAN IN THE WORLD?

SIR, YOUR
CO-ORDINATORS
ARE HERE!

WHAT CO-ORDINATORS?

Y-YOU MUST BE JOKING, SIR. YOU
ASKED THEM ALL TO COME HERE
TODAY WITH THEIR REPORTS.

UH-OH, I GET IT! SOME BIG BUSINESS
DECISION COMING UP! I BETTER PLAY
ALONG...

SURE, I WAS JUST
JOKING! SEND
THEM IN!

HERE ARE OUR REPORTS, SIR. WE TRIED
OUR BEST... BUT THE WAY THE MARKET'S
BEEN FLUCTUATING LATELY, THEY'RE NOT AS
CONCLUSIVE AS
WE'D HOPED FOR.

BUT THEY'LL BE ENOUGH
FOR YOU TO COME TO A

DECISION AFTER YOU STUDY THEM,
SIR. AFTER ALL, A MAN WITH
YOUR VAST EXPERIENCE...

STUDY THEM? HMPF! WHO
HAS TIME? I'VE GOT A LOT
OF HIGH LIVING TO CATCH
UP ON!

THESE LOOK OKAY TO ME!
GO AHEAD WITH WHATEVER
YOU GUYS THINK BEST!

DEPO

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

AND SO IT GOES. ONE EVA-
SION OF RESPONSIBILITY
AFTER ANOTHER, SEVEN
DAYS A WEEK... AND AN
ENDLESS BOUT OF RECK-
LESS SPENDING SEVEN
NIGHTS A WEEK...



THE OUTCOME IS INEVITABLE/
IN LESS THAN FIVE YEARS,
THE VAST FINANCIAL EMPIRE
THAT HE INHERITED SO
STRANGELY, TOPPLES INTO
NOTHINGNESS! HE IS
PENNLESS AGAIN... DES-
PITE HIS NEW BODY...



IT'S ALWAYS COLD...
(SIGH) DOWN HERE
AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE LADDER,



HMPF... LOOK
AT HIM...



THE WIND SHRIEKS TONIGHT LIKE A WAILING
BANSHEE FOR ALL TO HEAR, BUT ONLY DR.
HAUNT CAN HEAR THE SOUNDLESS WAIL IN
THE DEREPLICIT'S HEART!

CAN'T (SOB) BLAME
IT ON THE BREAKS
ANY MORE. LOOK
WHERE HE IS
NOW... WITH MY
OLD BODY!



RICHEST MAN IN WOB
PHENOMENAL CLIMB
TO SUCCESS IN LESS
THAN FIVE YEARS

END

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED
WHAT THE

DREAM MEANT



OVER AND OVER AGAIN, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT,
THE SAME DREAM... AND THIS WAS THE
WAY IT ALWAYS STARTED...



I'M ACHING FOR SOMETHING... BUT
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS--AND
THE VOID KEEPS GETTING
BLACKER AND BLACKER!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

HE KNEW WHAT ALWAYS CAME NEXT! BUT STILL, WHEN IT CAME, HE FOUND HIMSELF GRIMACING WITH SHOCK AS ALWAYS...



AND THERE'S THE WOMAN AGAIN! SHE KEEPS MOVING HER LIPS AS IF SHE'S CALLING TO ME-- SHE KEEPS WAVING ME CLOSER!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

FINALLY...

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT DREAMS, DOC-- PLEASE TELL ME WHAT MINE MEANS!



AFTER HEARING ALL ABOUT THE VOID, THE CLOUDS, THE FLAMES, AND THE BECKONING WOMAN...

HMM, VERY INTERESTING, BUT FOR AN ACCURATE INTERPRETATION, I SHALL NEED YOUR HELP! LET US TRY SOME FREE ASSOCIATION!



CLOSE YOUR EYES... RELAX... LET YOUR MIND TURN TO THE DREAM...

NOW TELL ME THE THOUGHTS THAT ARE PASSING THROUGH YOUR MIND!

TH-THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL, DOCTOR! ALL OF A SUDDEN MY MIND'S A BLANK!



EVIDENTLY THERE IS A MENTAL BLOCK! BUT BLOCKS CAN BE DISSOLVED! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS USE SODIUM PENTATHOL -- THE TRUTH DRUG!

THERE NOW... KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED AND START COUNTING SLOWLY BACKWARDS FROM TEN TO ONE!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



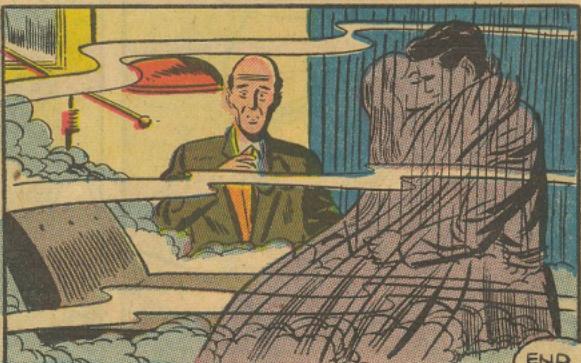
THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

...THE WOMAN IN YOUR DREAM, YOU SAID, IS YOUR WIFE? SHE KEEPS CALLING FOR YOU TO RETURN TO YOUR OWN TIME - WARP! THE CLOUDS AND FLAMES ARE THE PASSING POINT...

...BUT YOU CANNOT RETURN, YOU SAID--FOR 'PASSING BACK OVER' REQUIRES AN ACT OF CONCENTRATED WILL POWER--AND AS THE RESULT OF YOUR AMNESIA, YOU HAVE NO CONSCIOUS MEMORY OF THE PAST!

HMPF--AFTER A FEW TREATMENTS, YOU TOO WILL ADMIT THAT IT IS ALL GIBBERISH, MY FRIEND!

MY WIFE...
MY WIFE...

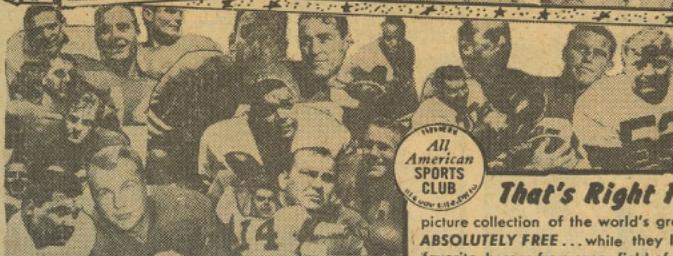


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NEWS

THE BRAINS IN
BACK OF THE N.Y.
YANKEES

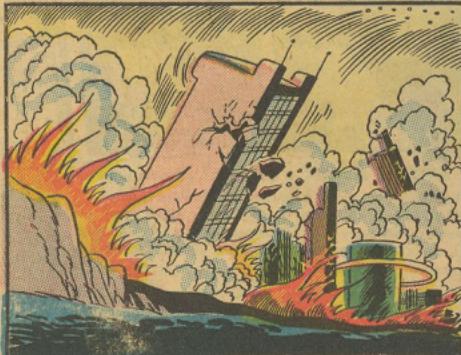
THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE END

HERE IT WAS, BURNING AND EXPLODING FROM SOME MYSTERIOUS FORCE RAGING INSIDE IT! SOON IT WOULD BE ENDED, DRIFTING THROUGH FATHOMLESS SPACE AS DUST AND ASHES, IN A PERPETUAL NIGHT WITH NOTHING LEFT OF ITS GRANDEUR...

S 1193

THE SPECTACLE GREW FIERCER, THE FIERY DESTRUCTION MORE APPALLING AS BUILDINGS COLLAPSED AND EXPLOSIONS TORE PIECES OF THE GLOBE AWAY...



AND THERE YOU ARE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THAT'S THE WAY IT CAN HAPPEN. A VAST ALL-CONSUMING CONFLAGRATION SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE COULD SPELL THE END OF ANY PLANET.



SCIENCE HAD WORKED HARD TO PRESENT THIS EXAMPLE OF A WORLD ENDING...

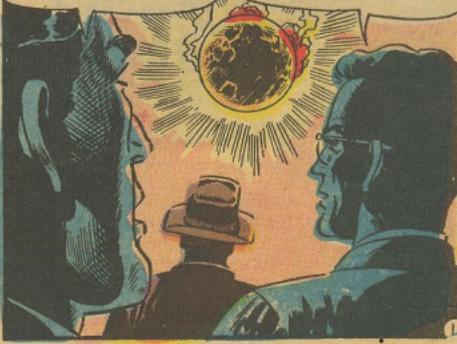
IT WAS GREAT! IT LOOKED LIKE THE REAL THING! THE PEOPLE HAVE TO BE EDUCATED TO HANDLE THOSE NEW ATOMIC GASES WITH CARE!



BUT NOT EVERYONE WAS CONVINCED...

SURE WAS GREAT, HOW THEY DID IT-- BUT IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN!

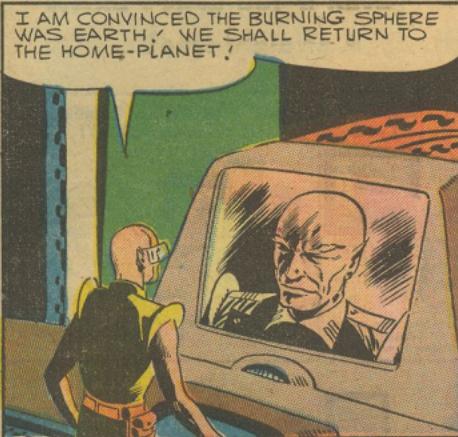
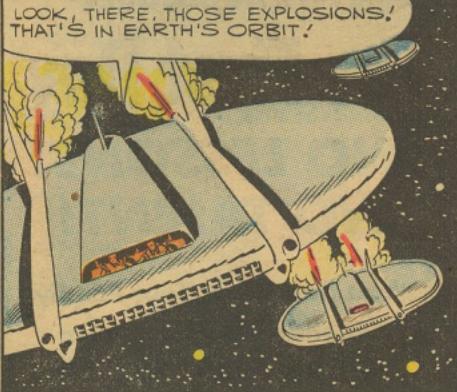
OF COURSE NOT! THOSE EGGEHEADS ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO SCARE US!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

MEANWHILE A MARTIAN PATROL WAS
STARING DOWN ON EARTH ...

MARS HAD WAITED A LONG TIME BEFORE
UNDERTAKING THIS RECONNAISSANCE
OF EARTH ...



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and 2½"
expanded
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1½" chest 2½",
from 38" to
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